

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine cares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vnderake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sinklo, and Humsfrey, with Crosse-bowes
in their hands.*

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, *(our selues:*
For through this Land anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay aboute the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is hill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's feize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the fower Aduersaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And *(as I heare)* the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:

And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left side, craning ayde for *Henrie*:
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd:
That she *(poore Wretch)* for greefe can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tels his Tittle, smooths the Wrong,
Infereth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edward's* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou *(poore soule)*
Art then forsaken, as thou wert't forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk't, as if thou wert a King.
King. Why so I am *(in Minde)* and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Not to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enioy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For *(as we thinke)*
You are the king *King Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subiects, iworne in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemye.

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sim. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?

Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were seated as king *Edward's* is.

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

*Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Grey,
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field*

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repofesse those Lands,
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Torke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.
Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.
Rich. Yea, is it so:

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes
the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolute me now,

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:

Fight clofer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, vntesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.
King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell

me.
Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.
Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers

Lands.
Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes
wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them

good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some

harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them

good.
Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Majestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?
Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

mands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the

Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Task?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.
Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue
thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.
Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Curse.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.
Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.
Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue

Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.
King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.
King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands

Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,

For by that losse, I will not purchase them.
King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her

Browes.
Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-

dome.
King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,

Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,

One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.

Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,

And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:

I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You caull, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'I will grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call

you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters

Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,

And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue
had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee looks very
sad.

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Rich. That